Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.
King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile ſtay ſtill.
Clifford. Be it with reſolution then to fight.
Prince. Good father cheere theſe noble Lordes,
Vnſheath your ſword, ſweete father cry *Saint George.*
Clif. Pitch we our Battell here, for hence we wil not moue

Enter the houſe of Yorke.

Edw. Now periurd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne,
And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?
Quee. Goe rate thy minions proud inſulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy King and lawfull Soueraigne?
Edw. I am his King, and he ſhould bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his conſent.
Georg. Since when, he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare, you that are King,
Though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue cauſde him by new act of Parliament
To blot our brother out, and put his owne ſonne in.
Clif. And reaſon *George.* Who ſhould ſucceed the father,
but the ſonne?
Rich. Are you their butcher? (ſort.
Clif. I *Crookback*, here I ſtand to anſwere thee, or any of your
Rich. Twas you that kild young *Rutland*, was it not?
Clif. Yes, and olde *Yorke* too, and yet not ſatisfide.
Rich. For Gods ſake Lordes, giue ſynald to the fight.
VVar. What ſayſt thou *Henry?* wilt thou yeeld thy crowne?
Queen. What, long tongde *War.* dare you ſpeake?
When you and I met at Saint *Albones* laſt,
Your legges did better ſeruice then your handes.
VVar. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.
Clif. You ſayd ſo much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your vallour *Clifford*, that droue me thence.
Northum. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, that could make
you ſtay.
Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we holde thee re-
uerently. Breake off the parlie, for ſcarſe I can refraine the
exe-

execution of my big ſwo
that cruell child-kil
Clif. Why, I kild thy F
Rich. I like a villaine, a
As thou didſt kill our ten
But ere Sunne ſet Ile mak
King. Haue done wit
Queen. Defie them th
King. I prethee giue n
I am a King and preuiled
Clif. My Lord, the wo
Cannot be cur'd with wo
Rich. Then Execution
By him that made vs all
That *Cliffords* manhood
Edw. What ſaiſt thou
A thouſand men haue br
That here ſhall dine, vn
War. If thou denie, th
For *Yorke* in iuſtice puts
Prin. If all be right th
There is no wrong, but
Rich. Whoſoeuer go
For well I wot, thou haſt
Quee. But thou art n
But like a foule miſhap
Markt by the deſtinies,
As venome Toades, or
Rich. Iron of *Naples*,
Thy Father beares the t
As if a channell ſhould
Sham'ſt not, knowing f
To parlie thus with En
Edw. A wiſpe of ſtra
To make that ſhameleſ
Thy husbands Father r
And tamde the French,
And had he matcht acc